

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

WE wonder, as we come to mid-
June, how many young Cath-
olic graduates are destined for a
life-service in the glorious cause
of foreign missions. Some, we
are confident, have already been
considering this question seriously,
and a few have made up their
minds that *Commencement Day*
will mark for them the beginning
of a career in the world-wide
apostolate of Jesus Christ.

We know that the chances of
securing American youths as as-
pirants to the heathen mission-
field are far stronger than they
were ten years ago. We are
grateful, too, in the realization
that the Church of this country
is bent on answering—and gen-
erously—the Macedonian call.

* *

THE approaching Educational
Convention brings to us the
hope that the topic of foreign
missions will not be overlooked.
The bearing of this vital subject
on such branches of knowledge
as geography, the study of
languages, anthropology, and
many of the natural sciences,
should attract educators, but
above all the missionary ideal
should be recognized as a neces-
sary influence in the spiritual
formation of our Catholic young
people.

We recall here, with satisfac-
tion, words spoken by Fr. Ber-
nard Feeney, of St. Paul's Sem-
inary, at a former meeting of
Catholic educators:

Self-immolation in support of a
heroic cause needs but knowledge and

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opportunity in order to find an eager
response in our generous American
youth. Until now we have been so ab-
sorbed in the organization of the home
Church, that as a community we have
given but slight attention to the de-
velopment of foreign mission voca-
tions. Henceforth we must awake to
the urgency of Christian charity to-
ward those millions who, though pur-
chased with the blood of the Son of
God, are living and dying in spiritual
darkness.

* *

MORE than once we have
spoken of the need in the Far
East for English-speaking mis-
sioners, but the conclusion must
not be drawn that the need is
passing for those whose native
tongue is French, German, Ital-
ian, Spanish, Portuguese, Polish,
or Dutch. It is a great object-
lesson when, as so commonly hap-
pens in the United States, we can
bring together in one religious
movement, directed by the same
head, representatives of many
nations. Magnificent as the rec-
ord of our missioners has been in
the Far East, their effectiveness
would undoubtedly have been
greater had they been identified,
in the Oriental's mind, less with
a particular country than with a
world-wide organization.

We hope the day will soon come when all native Far Easterners will realize, by the presence and by the united action of priests from many lands, that the Church is of no nation, but Catholic; and we believe that the arrival of some American missionaries will help to emphasize this fact. It would be a pitiable commentary on the mark of Catholicity in the Church of Jesus Christ if any one nationality should monopolize—if we may be pardoned for introducing so commercial a phrase—the evangelizing industry.

"There are no speeches nor languages, where their voices are not heard. Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth; and their words unto the ends of the world."—Ps. xlviii. 4-5.

WE often remark the simplicity of some among the friends of this cause. They wish to know why every Catholic is not interested. They expect bishops to force their priests and pastors to do likewise with their parishioners, until foreign missions become too closely identified with Catholic life ever to be neglected. They would even look over episcopal heads and call upon our Holy Father to give up trying for peace and to set the world on fire with a propaganda spirit.

But it is not so easy. The Pope does not like to force bishops nor do wise bishops use compulsion in such matters. And the same is true of the pastor of souls in his dealings with the flock entrusted to his care. He leads rather than drives.

Again we are frequently asked, "Where are your priests going?" And we answer invariably, "We don't know, but we hope it will be, at least for our first mission, to China."

"But why don't you know?" presses the questioner, and once more we explain that we are not

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School may make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.

a business concern, which can select its own field. We must find a bishop in the Far East who not only realizes that he has too many souls to convert but who likes us well enough to invite us to live with him for some years and later to relieve him of part of his responsibilities; and besides, in the end, *Propaganda* at Rome will decide.

* *

A Student's Half-dozen Reasons for Going on the Foreign Missions.

1. The satisfaction of feeling that here is God's work, that here there can be little doubt of a pure intention, for self-interest in a natural way would argue against the idea.

2. The joy of saving those who otherwise would not be saved. The thought that God takes possession of an eternal soul which without my help would be forever lost to the Catholic faith.

3. The knowledge that by my efforts God's Kingdom on earth is coming nearer realization; that I am doing my little share in bringing the world to one fold under one Shepherd.

4. The opportunity offered of making some little sacrifices in reparation for sin, of drawing down graces on myself and on my family and friends, of shortening my stay in Purgatory and easing the state of my departed dear ones.

5. The fact that the faith was given my forefathers by missionaries from other lands. If the Apostles and early missionaries had stayed at home till their own

country was evangelized, I should be a pagan. Many in America owe their Catholic belief to the European priests and bishops of the last few generations who crossed the Atlantic to labor here.

6. The increasing supply of vocations for the home missions, which in several dioceses already needs an outlet, while the foreign missions have been drained of priests by the European War. God is providentially multiplying vocations in America and instilling the desire for the Far East in many souls, to fill this gap in the outposts of His army. The mere preservation of the faith among the growing generation of Chinese Catholics will depend on the response given by young America to the call of Christ.

* *

"The command of Our Lord: 'Go and teach all nations,' is impossible of accomplishment unless there be a continual co-operation of numberless individuals in every age, until the Gospel has been preached to, and accepted by, every race in every part of the inhabited world.

"How far we still are from the full realization of Our Divine Master's precept is abundantly shown by the following statistics. The number of those who accept the teaching of the Catholic Church is approximately 301,000,000. Those who, while rejecting the authority of the Apostolic See, still claim for themselves the title of Christian, are computed at 320,000,000. The number, on the other hand, of those who in no sense can be called Christians and who have never accepted even in the vaguest manner or most general sense the teaching of Christ, is no less than 1,042,000,000; in other words, they form, roughly speaking, almost two-thirds of the population of the world. It can hardly, therefore, be inaccurate to say that, in consequence of the growth of mankind upon the earth, the whole number of souls still waiting to hear of Jesus Christ and to call upon His name, is at this moment far greater than it was when He first gave their Divine commission to His chosen Apostles. Too infrequently, dear Children in Jesus Christ, do we direct our attention to these startling facts, with the result that the missionary work of the Church, which is as essential to her as it ever was, finds only a small place in our intercession and in our charity."

—Cardinal Bourne.

The Missioners' Tribute.

[THE FIELD AFAR seems to bring pleasure and profit to our exiled missioners and we are always glad to put them on our subscription list when they make the request. We do not expect nor do we desire payment for such subscriptions. We stay-at-homes will try to meet the expense and shall be well content if, in return, each of our missioner-subscribers will offer a yearly Mass for the welfare of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, including all its members, clerical, religious, and lay. —Ed.]

THE FIELD AFAR looks nice in its new dress. Dressed to kill! (Fr. Laurence Rogan, Philippine Islands.)

It becomes more and more interesting. What is your secret for making it as attractive as a novel—and even more so, since it is for a good cause? (Fr. Allard, Burma.)

THE FIELD AFAR always gives me pleasure. It is consoling to read about the peaceable conquests of our holy religion at a time when half the world is on fire. (Fr. Van Lantschoot, China.)

Your interesting missionary paper is ever welcome. My confrères and I read every line of it, and were you to stop sending it now, we should sorely miss it. (Bro. Eugene, So. India.)

I am glad that THE FIELD AFAR keeps up the spirit of cheerfulness which has always characterized it. It helps in no small measure to make the missions known and loved. (Fr. Fourquet, China.)

It would be cruel on the part of THE FIELD AFAR to refuse to cast its lovely shadow on me at least once in thirty days. Am I not wholly and unreservedly for the glory of God? And are not you, dear FIELD AFAR, wholly for the glory of God? Then don't neglect me. (Fr. Ryan, India.)

No words of mine can add to the praises bestowed upon your magazine from all sides. For me it is a special pleasure to see in it the names of those whom I have personally known at Mill Hill. In this famous 'smoking-room' we meet once more and tell one another of our activities in favor of the poor, abandoned heathen. (Fr. Bus, British India.)

THE FIELD AFAR reaches me regularly, but the censor is beforehand with me. One of these days you might get him as a possible candidate



"Behold the bread of angels, made the pilgrims' food: truly the children's bread, not to be cast to dogs."
May tabernacles of Jesus be multiplied in the wildernesses of this earth!

at Maryknoll. So convincing and interesting is your little paper that any one who reads it carefully—and I am sure the censor does—should be won over to your views. The seminarians here like it very much and when they have gone through it, I pass it on to the *petits séminaristes* of Ernakulam. (Fr. Panjikaran, Ceylon.)

It was at Mill Hill that I made my pleasant acquaintance with THE FIELD AFAR. I loved the paper then and I love it still. I used to read every line of it and on my coming to the missions I was delighted to hear from Fr. Witlox that he would apply for me and....I would get it. He did apply, but I suppose the letter miscarried. I hope that I may foster the wish of being more fortunate now; in anticipation I tender you my sincerest thanks. (Fr. Renckens, Br. E. Africa.)

* *

From Priests in the Homeland.

I am greatly comforted and encouraged by THE FIELD AFAR. There is warmth in every line of it. It cheers me up and does me good generally. (From California.)

I receive your little paper regularly and am very well pleased with it. It is devotional and zeal-stirring from a religious point of view, and quite specifically instructive and educative in regard to the life, people, and customs of the other half of the world. (From Pennsylvania.)

I like the new overcoat very much. I notice that the wrapper has no date on it and so I fear I am in arrears. The mite enclosed will set me right and I shall be glad to know when I am lagging. The contents of the little paper are so invariably cheerful and optimistic that I always long for a new number when a blue day comes. (From Massachusetts.)

From the Catholic Press.

OF our latest book—*Field Afar Tales*—the *Sacred Heart Messenger* gives this appreciation:

The stories are well calculated to promote the missionary spirit, of which the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is so admirably an exponent. There is lamentably little English literature on foreign missions and this addition to the supply deserves a warm welcome and a wide circulation.

The tales appeal to old and young. There must be in the United States hundreds of boys and young men, as well as girls and young women, who would be glad to devote their lives to the salvation of souls in heathen lands. Such books as this one ought to awaken vocations and to inspire parents to pray that God may call their children to work in the vineyard where there are so few laborers.

The *Catholic Standard and Times*, one of the most discriminating among our exchanges, writes of this book:

It is an unusually absorbing cluster of stories—not creations of the imagination, as most short stories are, but flowers from the wide garden of real life. There is not one that does not forcibly illustrate the truth of the poet's dictum:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

This mysterious power is found doing its work among pagan people in a thousand singular ways. The examples of its operations in the vivid narratives before us are surprising in many cases, startling in a few.

Several choice engravings accompany the stories and the frontispiece is a reproduction of an old painting long preserved in a Catholic Japanese family. Its subject is the Divine Redeemer in the Garden of Gethsemane at the time of the Passion. The face is in profile and the hands, delicate and fine, are clasped in agony, in consonance with the workings of the face, which is exquisitely instinct with unutterable torture of spirit and body.

After his death—the will was read and knocked to pieces. That thousand dollars he left to Maryknoll never came. Had he given it when he lived, he would have received five per cent. interest and at his death Maryknoll would have been his grateful beneficiary.—These lines may apply some day to you.

Here and There.

LATELY we received a souvenir of the mission bazaar held under the auspices of St. Augustine's Church, Pittsburgh. It is an attractive picture representing the 'Chinese maidens' who presided in the tea-room, and has found an honored place in our Maryknoll albums.

Perpetual Care Included.—We saw this advertisement recently on a bill-board near New York, in connection with the sale of lots in a cemetery, and it recalled a complaint we have heard from many, that Catholic cemeteries are, as a rule, not very well kept. Perhaps not, and the reason will probably be found in the answer to the well-remembered catechism question: "Of which must we take more care, our body or our soul?"

Catholics are likely to do more for the soul than for the body. They should not neglect the body, which is the temple of the soul, but a man is wise who, while living, provides perpetual care for both.

From the Very Rev. Fr. Henry, Superior of the English Foreign Mission Seminary at Mill Hill, we learn of the death of that old missionary 'soldier,' Fr. Jackson, once Prefect-Apostolic of Borneo.

Many American priests will recall Fr. Jackson's visit to the United States more than twenty-five years ago. His sweet tenor voice, his fund of stories, the merry twinkle of his eye, and the long, graceful beard still live in the memory of those who met him as he passed through America, 'hat in hand.'

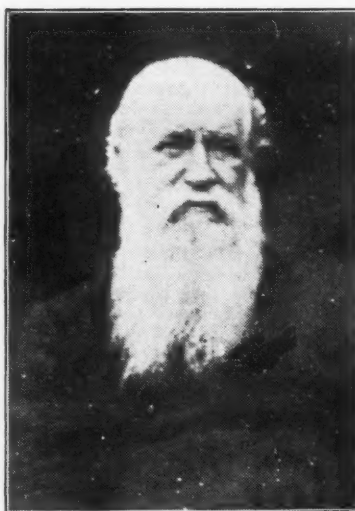
We quote from Fr. Henry:

I am writing this from Patricroft, Manchester, where yesterday we buried our poor Fr. Jackson. He went all through the Afghan War, with the late Lord Roberts, and was then Prefect-Apostolic of Borneo for about sixteen years, during which period

he visited the United States and made collections. The last fifteen years of his life he was chaplain for the Home at Patricroft.

Since I came down last Sunday from Mill Hill, the two young priests here have been sick in bed. So I am 'having the time of my life' as curate in charge and chaplain. It may be another week or so before I can get back to Mill Hill.

Fr. Henry is within a few years of Fr. Jackson's age—seventy—



THE LATE FR. JACKSON, FIRST PREFECT-APOSTOLIC OF BORNEO, WHOM MANY AMERICAN PRIESTS WILL RECALL.

but is still rugged and good, we hope, for many a year.

Mill Hill seems to be threatened with a shortage of students, due to war requisitions. Here is an extract from an interesting letter written by Fr. Farmer, the Director of Mill Hill's Apostolic School at Freshfield, England:

Since January my main anxiety has been to devise means of saving the students of military age from being seized by the Army. We first sought help in the highest civil and ecclesiastical quarters of London, but found there was nothing to be done but run up the gamut of Tribunals set for the administration of the Military Service Act.

The Local Tribunal exempted us, on conscientious grounds, from combatant service, provided we were engaged in a work which, in the

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America may be secured gradually in as many payments as desired, provided the sum of fifty dollars is reached within two years from the date of the first payment.

opinion of the Tribunal, is of national importance, to wit, the making of munitions. Since I maintain that we, as missionaries, are already engaged in a work of national importance, I appealed against the decision and claimed an *ultra vires* against the Tribunal. Then we were called to the Appeal Tribunal, Liverpool. There I submitted the following questions:

1. Is there a clause in the "Instructions," showing that the Local Tribunal is empowered, in granting conditional exemption, to specify any particular work a citizen must be engaged in, beyond the fact of its being some work of national importance?

2. The nature of our Colonial work being explained and our Military Record being submitted, does this Tribunal consider our work to be of national importance or not?

3. Does this Tribunal consider it just that we should be subjected to "Industrial Compulsion," to the detriment of what we claim to be our work of national importance?

The Lord Mayor dismissed the questions by telling me he was not there to answer conundrums, and asked the clerk to read the directions on the point. Beyond cancelling the decision of the Local Tribunal and granting us no exemption, the Appeal Tribunal decided nothing, but gave us leave to carry the case to the Central Tribunal in London. Before leaving the Court, the Lord Mayor called me and said: "I want you to understand, Fr. Farmer, that the Tribunal appreciates the importance of your work and therefore grants permission for you to go to the Supreme Tribunal. This is the first case when such permission has been granted in Liverpool."

So now we have our faces turned towards London. We are preparing our case, throwing all the responsibility, of course, on St. Joseph. As this Final Tribunal was formed only last week, it is hard to know when we shall be called. But we're quite happy, and when called, we shall 'go rejoicing.'

Your attention is called to the retreats for women, given at the Cenacle Convent, Newport, R. I. Programs may be secured by application to the Mother Superior.



UNCLE SAM has recently brought overseas to Maryknoll letters from:

AFRICA—Bishop Biermans, Nsambya; Fr. Nevin, Eregi.

CHINA—Bishop Choulet, Moukden; Bishop Faveau, Hangchow; Bishop Rayssac, Swatow; Fr. Desreumaux, Tientsin; Fr. Buch, Ningpo; Fr. Fraser, Taichowfu; Fr. Sepieter, Hoi-pou; Fr. De Smedt, Si-wan-dze; Fr. Espelage, Wuchang; Fr. Benzoa, Hankow; Fr. Fourquet, Canton; Fr. Petit, Tientsin; Fr. Robert, Hongkong; Bro. Auguste Macé, Peking.

INDIA—Bishop Joulain, Jafna; Fr. Francis, Jeppo; Fr. J. Francis, Vangalai; Fr. Ryan, Pudur; Fr. Bus, Kanaparti.

JAPAN AND KOREA—Bishop Berlioz, Hakodate; Bishop Combaz, Nagasaki; Bishop Mutel, Seoul; Fr. Sauret, Kurume; Fr. Raoult, Hitoyoshi; Fr. Jacquet, Sendai; Fr. Steichen, Tokyo.

OCEANIA—Fr. Bellwald, Samoa.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—Fr. Laurence Rogan, Iloilo.

To the following we owe acknowledgment not only for letters but for photographs:

CEYLON—Fr. Panjikaran, Kandy.

CHINA—Fr. Arcand, Chefoo; Fr. Van Lautschot, Saratsi.

DUTCH WEST INDIES—Bishop Vuylske, Curaçao.

INDO-CHINA—Fr. Allard, Rangoon.

JAPAN AND KOREA—Bishop Chatron, Osaka; Fr. Ferrand, Fusan; Fr. Evard, Yokohama.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Bishop Foley's many friends will be glad to hear of his safe return from America to the Philippines. The news comes to us from Bishop Combaz, of Japan, who writes that he had the pleasure of meeting the Bishop of *Too-gay-gar-ah-o* and his 'cheery companion' (Fr. Killion), and adds that the boat which brought the two Americans to Manila, was, on its return, wrecked in the seas of Hongkong.

"Sing ye to the Lord, Who dwelleth in Zion: declare His ways among the Gentiles."—Ps. ix. 12.

CHINA.

From a missionary whose word carries weight throughout the Far East, we learn that the political situation in China is regarded as serious. "It is not impossible," writes our correspondent, "that we may have before long the Northern States and the Southern States."

It is said that not more than ten per cent. of the Chinese people are able to read and write, yet this proportion, in a country as densely populated as China, is comparatively large. Native newspapers in cities like Shanghai claim from ten to twenty-five thousand subscribers, and as the copies are sold two and three times over, the number of readers is much greater than this.

Fr. Espelage, an American Franciscan whom some of our readers may have met as he passed through this country on a short visit last year, writes that he is busy in a new field, as director and teacher in a Catholic High School. He has eight Chinese assistants and the pupils number sixty-eight. "Schools," adds Fr. Espelage, "will be the great means of work in China."

Bishop Rayssac, of the newly erected Vicariate of Swatow, writes:

I am happy to see the eyes of our brothers in the United States turning more and more towards the missions and it is a pleasure to know that the New World is preparing to send us not only its gold but its young people. Your work is prospering and it will continue to prosper, for it is marked with the finger of God. Is it not providential that the American Foreign Mission Society should provide its first apostles at the very time when old Europe, spent by a terrible war, will be able to furnish them but rarely?

An interesting clipping from the *North China Daily News* has been sent to us by Fr. Fraser. After a lengthy vindication of the much-abused Chinese servant, the

FIFTY DOLLARS will secure a Perpetual Associate Membership, applicable to the living or to the dead.

writer admits that another article might be written, just as long, upholding exactly the opposite of what he has said. He adds:

It is an exasperating, baffling puzzle about China, that of any two most extremely opposing qualities, one may always say that her people possess both. We may call the Chinese trustworthy and untrustworthy, honest and dishonest, sweet-tempered and—no, I think no one could fairly call them sullen; but we may certainly say that they are kindly yet cruel, open yet guileful—and all with a fair chance of being right.

On the need of more priests in the mission field, a subject of special interest to our readers, Bishop Faveau writes:

In whatever place your young apostles pitch their tent, they will find abundant opportunity to do good and to save souls. Of the four hundred millions who form the population of China, scarcely two millions know the true God. Whatever be the number of those who come to reinforce the ranks of the reapers, they will still be too few for the harvest. May God be pleased to continue to bless your work, the progress of which I follow with interest in *THE FIELD AFAR*, and may the apostolic fire be kindled so brightly in America that thousands of her children may hear the cry of distress uttered by the poor pagans of China and devote themselves to their salvation!

China comes near to us when we receive such a letter as the following, which contained a check drawn on a Boston bank. Perhaps some reader will meet the request of Mr. Evans:

American Red Cross, Tientsin,
Committee for Distribution of
Aid to Prisoners in Siberia.

THE FIELD AFAR:

I enclose a check for my subscription and for any other purposes for which you would like to use it. I have enjoyed the little paper very much.

If any of your friends would like to help us, would they care to contribute a few Bibles in German, Magyar, Polish, etc.? The prisoners generally have no money, and yet they have so little to do and so little to read that very likely many of them who would otherwise never think of religious things, might in this way be turned from the path of scepticism, which has unfortunately been so popular in Germany recently.

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD T. EVANS.

Frs. O'Leary and O'Reilly, who wrote their names in Gaelic in our guest-book a few months ago, are now learning to talk 'all over again.' We hope their heads will not be turned when they read Bishop Faveau's report of their progress:

Fr. O'Leary is getting along splendidly in the study of Chinese, and in two or three months he will be able to give little instructions on the catechism and to hear the confessions of children. The Chinese *u's* are a trial for an English tongue, which transforms them into *ou*. On the other hand, the numerous aspirations in this language are easier for the English-speaking than for the French.

Fr. O'Reilly is with Fr. Galvin (formerly of Brooklyn). The news that I receive from him is very good. He is acquiring the language with ease, in spite of his thirty-nine years, and he has an excellent memory. I hope that both he and Fr. O'Leary will at the end of a year be most useful and in a position to give free rein to their apostolic zeal.



PREPARED FOR THE
FIELD AFAR BY
OUR SPECIAL COR-
RESPONDENTS IN
JAPAN AND KOREA.

Fr. Steichen, of Tokyo, writes that his seminary is doing well with its fifteen students, but he wishes there were fifty.

"It is nine years since my never-to-be-forgotten visit to America," writes Bishop Berlioz, and he continues:

When one turns his thoughts upon

the future of the missions and upon the share of the apostolate reserved for America, he is drawn irresistibly to pray that the Lord of the harvest may send His laborers to gather it. May He be praised for the innumerable evidences of sympathy which your work has awakened in America!

Our mission is much reduced. We count seven priests absent, of whom five are at the front. So far, thank God, they have been preserved from harm, but we do not yet see the day dawning when they will return to their promised land. Every one of their letters expresses their ardent desire to come back as soon as possible. It is like St. Paul's "*Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.*"

The visit of Monsignor Petrelli, as Papal Legate, to Tokyo is regarded by the hierarchy of Japan as a decided step forward in the hitherto very slow progress of the Church in that remarkable little country. We have already alluded to the event in the pages of THE FIELD AFAR, but since then we have received several letters referring to it. We quote the following extracts, one from the cheery Bishop of Osaka, the other from Fr. Evrard, honorary Vicar-General of Tokyo:

Would you believe that this old fellow of seventy years has just been up to his ears in honors—and that in Tokyo itself? I accompanied Monsignor Petrelli, the delegate sent by the Holy Father to bear a letter of congratulation to the Emperor on the occasion of his coronation, and you should have seen me shaking hands with dignitaries, dining with ministers, governors, marshals, etc. What a strange contrast for me! Troubles, within and honors without!

The mission of the delegate was a true and complete success. The Emperor received him with the honors granted to ambassadors, invited him to his table with princes, and decorated him with the first degree of the "Rising Sun." Ministers, mayors, police, the press, and the people were very sympathetic and loaded him with magnificent presents. For ten days it was a dithyrambic preaching in honor of the Catholic Church. May this open the eyes and hearts that have been fast closed against us!

The envoy's reception was an event that occupied the press for several days and proved a great encouragement for our Christians. The manner

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ARY IN ALASKA**
(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Price 50 cts. Postage 10 cts. extra.

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Ossining New York

in which the Pope's representative was received is beyond all praise. The Imperial Government acted with no little delicacy in granting him the privileges bestowed upon a guest of the Emperor and thus dispensing him from an introduction by any foreign ambassador.

After discharging his mission, Monsignor Petrelli was pleased to visit all the dioceses of Japan and everywhere he gave evidences of his interest in the spread of the faith here. In an address to the prelate at Yokohama, the Christians of that city, recalling the ancient persecutions, expressed uneasiness with regard to the fanaticism of certain men in office who continue to regard the Emperor's ancestors and the deceased Emperors as gods. In the schools of some localities the pupils are obliged to go to the temples and worship, while even the Catholic professors are threatened with dismissal if they do not show themselves ready to take part in the religious ceremonies. The sword of Damocles is suspended over the heads of Catholic students and teachers.

Unfortunately Catholics are insignificant in number and are not represented in the press except by a religious paper without influence. Among Buddhists and perhaps among Protestants there are some who protest, but their religious convictions are not of such a character as to prevent them from attending the ceremonies in temples consecrated to the ancestors of the Emperors.

Will the Government approve the conduct of the fanatics? The future will reveal the answer. Let us beg God to scatter and disperse this cloud.

The newly appointed Bishop of Buffalo, when returning to America from the Philippines, called on several of our correspondents in the Far East. Writing of his visit to Seoul, Bishop Mutel says:

I have just had the pleasure and the honor of entertaining an American bishop. Monsignor Dougherty, for-

merly Bishop of Jaro, in the Philippines, passed through here in company with his Vicar-General, Monsignor McCloskey. The Bishop was on his way to his new see at Buffalo and profiting by his residence in the Far East, he was making a tour of important missions in China, Korea, and Japan. His appointment will, I am sure, be beneficial to the foreign field, for a bishop returned from the missions, knows their importance.

With the magnificent growth which we see take place in the United States every year and every day, what may we not expect from that country in twenty years? Maryknoll will develop along with the Propagation of Faith, for the advancement of the one work has ever been the measure of increase in the other. In France, a hundred years ago, there were few missionaries and no Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Since the founda-

tion of the latter in 1822, its funds have always been in exact proportion to the laborers that France gave to the apostolate. The twentieth century will be that of your glory, or rather, the glory of God through you!

AFRICA.

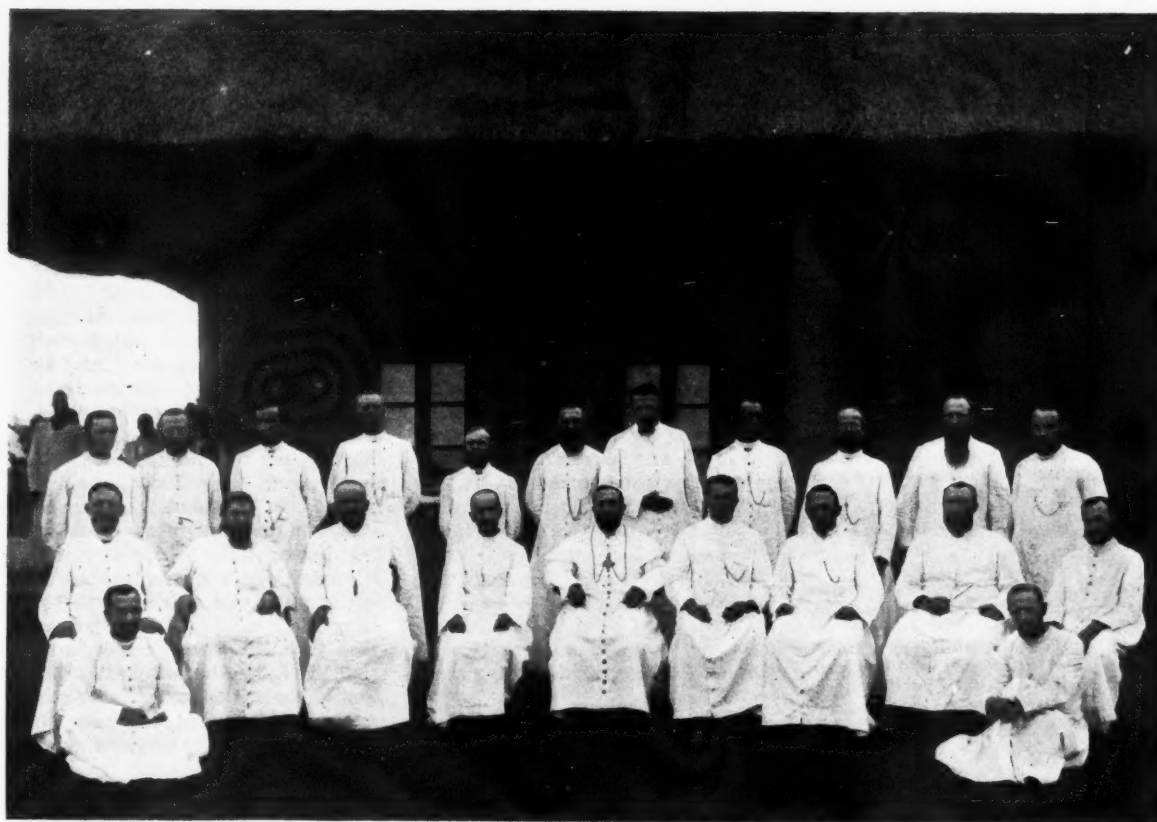
Bishop Biermans, who on his recent tour of the United States caught quite a few friends and a couple of dollars, is back again in the 'clouds' of Uganda. His letter brings good news of his safe arrival with Fr. McCabe, one of our young Mill Hill cousins, who helped to start up our machine at Maryknoll:

Our journey to Uganda was a very long, tedious, and dangerous one. Everywhere we encountered delays and

difficulties without end, while the fear of submarines was continually in our minds.

I need not mention how happy we were when we steamed into the harbor of Port Said, where we were told that six steamers had been torpedoed on the same route that we had just taken. I said a Mass of thanksgiving to Our Divine Lord and made a special memento for all our friends who had helped us by their prayers. Of course people got very jolly and brave after we had reached Port Said, and many said *then* that they had given the submarines little thought. Well, I confess that I had, and that I had given them even more than a little thought.

Fr. McCabe thoroughly enjoyed the voyage and also our journey from Mombasa to Uganda. Victoria Lake especially appealed to him and he was delighted to see Uganda and its



HOME AGAIN!
BISHOP BIERMANS AMONG HIS PRIESTS IN UGANDA.

people. Several of the Fathers met us, and Stanislaus Mugwanya, the native Chief Justice, came in his motor-car to take me to Nsambya Mission, where we were received most heartily by the staff and a great number of my 'black sheep.' The place was decorated with flags and I was pleased to notice many "Stars and Stripes"—relics of Col. Roosevelt's visit.

So here I am again, quite at home, quite happy, quite 'full up' with work. Fr. McCabe is hard at the language, which he says 'won't stick.' Of course both of us let the others hear that we have been in America. We 'guess' and 'calculate,' we 'should worry and get a wrinkle.' We wear *shoes*, not boots, and we have them *shined*, not polished.

I have been out for a week, visiting three of the mission stations in Uganda proper, and as soon as I have my report finished for Rome, I shall set off on a two months' journey to the twenty remaining stations. I used my 'push-bike' on my last trip and I assure you it is 'some job' to climb all these hills, especially when one has my weight to carry. I am sorry I did not try to get a present of a motor-bicycle when I was in America or Holland, but of course I had so many things to ask for that I might easily have forgotten a few.

Fr. Rogan has a new address. He is now *Rev. Lieutenant P. Rogan*. I have selected him to assist in the Medical Carrier Corps in British East Africa and he will be attached to Voi Hospital, a station on the Uganda Railway near German East Africa. Many natives of Kavirondo are there, acting as soldiers, porters, etc. None of the officers know the Kavirondo language and therefore I offered one of my priests, who would be a great help. The military authorities wired: "Your offer gratefully accepted. Priest will be granted honorary rank of lieutenant—unpaid, free rations, camp equipment and passage." I am sure you will soon receive some graphic descriptions of various things from Fr. Rogan.

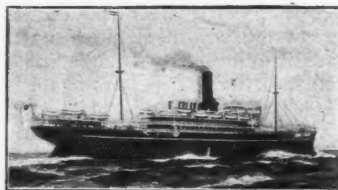
P. S.—I have just had a telegram saying that Fr. Rogan is down again with fever. Let us hope it will not be blackwater fever.

We like you as an Ordinary Subscriber better than if you did not subscribe at all, but unless you are really poor, like ourselves, we would think more of you if you were one of our own—an Associate.

A Profit in Tea.

By Fr. John Wakefield.

GEORGE BELVIDERE ALLEN had been a rather important personage in the very in-



A TRANS-PACIFIC LINER WHICH MAY SOME DAY CARRY MARYKNOLL PRIESTS TO THE FAR EAST.

significant town of Dryville, Pennsylvania. His great-grandfather had practically started the town,—with a few other isolated families, some shovels, axes, and an improvised road-scraper. His grandfather had developed the village store and received from Washington, "by special appointment," the office of postmaster. His father, Dryville's 'first citizen,' had been returned to the State Legislature for two years, was consulted on every conceivable local movement, and even controlled the religious affairs of the community, having, after several experiments, established a Union Church, to which ministers came and from which they went according as he pulled the string.

Is it any wonder, then, that George Allen realized his bigness in the earlier years of his young manhood? Dryville had grown. It had a "Main Street" with stores and a bank, a Carnegie Library and a High School, and the Allens now lived in a well-recessed, pretentious house, to which had been added a garage and a porte-cochère.

During his course at the University of Pennsylvania, however, George spent many hours, all told, trying to explain to new friends and acquaintances the exact location of Dryville. The name gradually became a household word in certain dormitories, for

there were two George Allens at the University, both following about the same courses, and they were distinguished habitually by their places of origin—Philadelphia and Dryville. "George from Dryville" had to endure not a little 'jollyng,' which did not add to his stature when he was presented to strangers but which enabled him to realize that Dryville was not the 'last word.'

After graduation, the young man, somewhat to his father's disgust and to the surprise of his fellow-townsmen, took a three-dollar-a-week position in a wholesale tea-house in Philadelphia. Occasionally in the next few years he returned to Dryville, and when he was appointed to cover Central Pennsylvania, he managed to get home frequently. He often thought of the change in perspective that had come into his life—of the smallness of his native town and the complacent importance of its people. He wondered if he could now get back to the point of view that he himself had once held. "But I don't want to, anyway," he decided. "So why bother about it?"

This was his conclusion one evening as his train approached Dryville. At the same moment he glanced across the aisle and noticed a young Catholic priest. "Ah," he said to himself, recalling an item that he had read in a local paper, "Fr. Lee, born and reared in Pittsburgh, recently come to minister to the growing number of Catholics in Dryville! Catholics are a queer lot, but as a youngster I was taught to believe there would be none left by this time." George remembered that his father had spoken rather kindly about this priest, who had several times made purchases at the store and had also been using the bank for his parish account. According to the 'first citizen's' apologetic remark, the 'Reverend Lee' seemed to be 'quite a nice, refined young man.' "I wonder—" mused George.

"Dryville!" shouted the conductor, and Fr. Lee and George Allen passed from the car as strangers, though each knew who the other was.

A few months later George Allen was at home again. This time he had come to say good-bye, for he was about to leave for Ceylon, where a purchase of tea was to be effected and a business centre established. Seated with his father and mother in the library, he was telling them of his plans for the trip, when the ringing of the telephone interrupted him.

"This is Fr. Lee," said a quiet voice, in answer to George's 'hello,' and before the surprised young man could reply, the same pleasing tones continued, "I heard of your proposed trip to Ceylon and I wanted to ask if you would take a message to one of my friends there, a French priest with whom I established a correspondence while we were both students, he in France and I in America."

"I would be very happy to," said George, with a cordiality that showed no trace of his first feeling of surprise, and as he went back to the library, he rather anticipated meeting in a distant land a personal friend of any one from Dryville. "Besides," he thought, "it may help me in a business way."

The next morning Fr. Lee sent over the note and it was placed carefully in George Allen's portmanteau—so carefully that it did not come to sight till long after George had met Fr. Lee's friend.

It was a May day in Jaffna and the recollection of spring back in Pennsylvania was almost torturing to George Allen, as he lay, with his eyes closed, stretched out in the veranda chair of a little bungalow. He had been in Ceylon just a month, had met a couple of Americans on their way through to the Far East, and had culti-

vated a speaking acquaintance with a young Englishman who had once visited the United States, paid high for his experience because he was too proud to ask questions, and so never thereafter lost an opportunity of criticizing Uncle Sam and belittling Uncle Sam's nephews. George had just made up his mind to 'side-step that snob' and had found himself immediately plunged in the depths of a loneliness that brought an overpowering longing for one glimpse of his native hills and for one long scent of the lilac blossoms which were hanging that very evening in clusters above the lawns of Dryville.

Suddenly he was aroused by the sound of a man's voice. He opened his eyes and found himself face to face with a Catholic priest, dressed in cassock and accompanied by two young native boys.

"I was called to visit a sick person on this street," said the stranger, in English with a French accent.

George went inside to get the desired information and returning, pointed out the house to the missionary. The latter, with a murmured 'thank you,' hastened away, but he had hardly gone, when the thought came to George Allen that he had just met Fr.

Lee's friend. So strong was the conviction that he watched two full hours for the priest to finish his spiritual task, and then, with an abruptness that was startling, crossed the street and spoke to him.

"Do you know Fr. Lee of Dryville, in the United States?" he asked.

"Pardon?" replied the priest, a little alarmed.

George repeated the question, but at first *Dryville* meant nothing to the missionary and *Father* was a title which he had not become accustomed to associate with any acquaintance in the United States. In a moment, however, the young priest's face brightened into a delightful smile and—home seemed nearer to George Allen.

A few evenings later, the American called at the Cathedral, to which Fr. La Porte was attached, and he was as much surprised as pleased to be brought into the house without formality, presented to the Bishop, a fatherly man whose manner inspired confidence and symbolized strength, and then conducted to Fr. La Porte's room. After he had been made comfortable and provided with tea and a cigarette, he was confronted with a little photograph album.

"Pittsburgh!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of some post-



"It was a May day in Jaffna and the recollection of spring back in Pennsylvania was almost torturing to George Allen."

(Photo sent by Fr. Alfred Huctin, who is now near Verdun.)

cards, "and snap shots of Fr. Lee!"

He turned over the pages eagerly, with Fr. La Porte at his side, until he came almost to the end of the collection.

"Why, there's Dryville!" he fairly shouted with joy. And sure enough, there were post-cards of Dryville's main street, taken just opposite his father's store, of the bank, the Union Church, and the little Catholic chapel, with Fr. Lee standing before the rectory.

George Allen's visit to the Cathedral was repeated many times during his two years' stay in Ceylon, and about three months before his return he was received into the Catholic Church by Fr. La Porte. It would be a long story to recount the influences that gradually brought about his conversion. Fr. La Porte's personality had not a little to do with it, for the good priest had won the young American's heart the first night. But of course that only broke down prejudice and prepared the soil. A first attendance at Mass, followed by inquiries, the close reading of a little catechism, the realization that the Catholic Church is adapted to all kinds and classes of people—little by little these and a thousand other forces urged George Allen to the conviction that Union Churches at Dryville and elsewhere were pigmy attempts at the solidarity of the great Church of Rome, the Mother of all, unsullied and unaging.

"The boy is changed," was the comment made on George by his father and mother, when they had welcomed him back to the paternal roof. He had always been reserved and inclined to selfishness—or, as some would look on his habit of forgetting others—to thoughtlessness. But from the moment of his arrival, late Sunday evening, his chief concern seemed to be for those around him. His father remarked his filial respect, his duteous consideration and re-

luctance to contradict, while his mother was charmed with her son's natural courtesy and unconsciously gallant attention.

All went well until Saturday night. The three were gathered about the library table as they had been that evening, about two years ago, when Fr. Lee's telephone call interrupted the discussion of George's prospective trip to Ceylon.

"By the way," said Mr. Allen, Sr., rather abruptly, "your mother and I have practically given up attendance at the Union Church. Of course"—as the son showed some surprise—"it's a good thing for people who need it to combine and hire a fluent speaker who can prop them up religiously once a week. But we are getting old and we prefer to read the Bible at home every Sunday. After that we rest or take some relaxation, as the humor strikes us."

Mr. Allen paused, evidently feeling a little uneasiness as to how George would take the announcement. But the young man's face revealed nothing of what was passing in his mind, and the father, clearing his throat, continued:

"We hesitated to do this while you were at home and we should feel very sorry if our example made you less religious. But after all"—in tones that gathered strength as he went on—"we are quite consistent, and we have already weathered enough criticism to be hardened against more."

Mr. Allen smiled with the air of one who has just relieved himself of an unpleasant burden, and added, "To-morrow we are planning to start about eleven o'clock on an auto trip. Will you come with us, son?"

George had listened, hardly believing his ears. Now it was his turn to speak and he told a story that was quite as unexpected as the one he had just heard. Beginning with Fr. Lee's telephone call, he went on without interrup-

tion until he had brought the narrative to this, the eve of his first appearance as a communicant in St. Patrick's Church, Dryville.

The father reddened occasionally and gasped at the close. The mother fidgeted, stared at her son from time to time, and sighed audibly. But when George finished, he used almost the identical words of his father, "I feel that I am quite consistent. I shall probably have to weather not a little criticism, but your victory over human respect will help me much. And as for that auto trip," he added, "I surely want to go with you."

Disappointment, keen and deep, was visible on the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and little more was said that night. George attended St. Patrick's at eight o'clock Mass, received Communion as if he had always done so in that particular place, and went home for breakfast. As he passed the library, he saw his parents at their Bible-reading and offered a prayer that some day they, too, would learn to love the Mother Church, whose gift they were using, unmindful of the giver.

The ride was delightful. George could not repress his joy and the young man's happiness reacted on his elders. By the end of the day the three were so strongly one, that all thought of wagging tongues was forgotten. The tongues wagged, but what are words? "They fly through the air," says the *Imitation*, "but hurt not a stone." The Allens felt an occasional embarrassment, but they fought it down bravely. Just before their son's return to Ceylon, they organized a delightful 'send-off party' for him, inviting many of his old friends and giving the place of honor to Fr. Lee, whose easy, unaffected manner and open, intelligent mind won much good-will that night for St. Patrick's Church, Dryville.

George Allen did not become a

priest. He never had the idea of being one, but he did master his chosen line of work and returned to Philadelphia in three years to take over the business of his employers. Not long afterwards he married a very sensible young woman whose brother had become his father's partner and whom he had presented to Fr. Lee, on the night of the 'send-off,' as a 'prospective catechumen.'

He made one more trip to Ceylon. It was ten years after his marriage, and leaving the small John, Mary, and Catherine in their fond grandmother's care, he and his wife enjoyed to the full the experience of a tour in the Far East. But no moments were quite so happy as those spent in Fr. La Porte's pretty little church, which was dedicated on the day after the arrival of the donors.

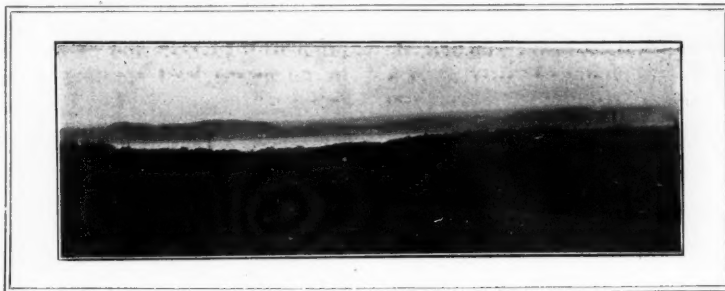
Maryknoll, June, 1916.

"To thee the Gentiles shall come from the ends of the earth, and shall say: Surely our fathers have possessed lies, a vanity which hath not profited them."—Jer. XVI. 19.

Some day—soon, perhaps, though we wish you a long life—your soul will be crying for prayers and the friends you left on earth will be too busy to hear or heed you. Why not make provision now not to be forgotten? You can do so by becoming a Perpetual Associate in the work for which Maryknoll stands.

If you are quite certain that you will not need the principal and if you have decided to leave it to charity, don't hold on to your money. We are in a position to take it from you, sending you interest semi-annually or quarterly. Or, if you prefer, turn it over to some other well-organized charity in which you are especially interested. Or—divide it. Be the executor of your own will and you won't have to make one.

M a r y k n o l l , M y M a r y k n o l l .



[The first song dedicated to Maryknoll was written by our first student four years ago. It was entitled *Maryknoll, Our Maryknoll* and was adapted to the well-known air of *Maryland, My Maryland*.

The following was started last year, in the West, by a student whose thoughts were then on Maryknoll and who has since joined our young work. He had no knowledge, at the time, of the earlier poem and would now add his verses to those which have already appeared.]

Magnetic word! Thy mention sole,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
With rapture thrills the knowing soul,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
The heart-strings, stirred beyond control,
Responsive vibrate, softly roll
Ecstatic chords! How sweet to troll
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!

Art kept by Mary's fostering hand,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
The fairest flower of her fair land,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Columbia's soil, where heroes tanned
Long sowed Faith's seed from foreign strand,
Now buds forth thee, all fair and grand,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!

Rejoicing, bold, in Mary's might,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Help gather in the harvests white,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
To them that sit in error's night,
Bring Jesus, the Eternal Light;
Such, too, thy Queen's supreme delight!
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!

Behold how yonder pagan fanes,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Ope wide their doors where Satan reigns,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Send forth thy sons! Nor death nor chains
Shall daunt thy *Xaviers, Theophanes*;
Apostles' blood flows in their veins,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!

Know thou no fear, be Faith thy shield,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
In God thy future's safely sealed,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
He clothes the lilies of the field,
No sparrow falls, from Him concealed;
In thee His love shall be revealed,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!

Nor art thou sole to fight the fray,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Hearts thousand beat for thee each day,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Men know thee more and prize thy way,
Their world-wide hearts now own thy sway;
With thee they hope and watch and pray,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!

Oft dins the heathen call thine ears,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Heed thou their outstretched arms,
their tears,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Souls languish for the Word that cheers,
And, dying, die for endless years;
Bring them their God, allay their fears,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!

Long may thy name rejoice my heart,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
While Christ I preach in heathen mart,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
And when in death my glad lips part,
And "Jesus," "Mary," heavenward dart
In prayer, a like sweet sound shall start,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!

Live bravely on, play well thy role,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Help earth subdue with cross and stole,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!
Guard well thy trust, press toward the goal,
God must be loved by every soul;
His praise must ring from pole to pole,
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll!

DID you ever take a notion to clean up your back yard; or, if you live in the suburbs, do you look after a 50 x 100 lot? Then you know that it is not particularly easy to keep the right kind of dirt on your premises and the wrong kind of dirt off them.

But did you ever tackle a run-down farm of one hundred acres, more or less, and try to make it respectable as well as productive? This has been one of our preoccupations at Maryknoll and we have become so used to it that the reel—with its record of pulled stumps, filled holes, dismantled or restored walls, new-made roads, cinder paths, flower, fruit, and vegetable plots, incubator chickens, and dead ducks—seems endless.

The writer of these lines never expects to see Maryknoll the earthly paradise of his day-dreams. Occasionally it looks presentable, and then comes an upset—some needed improvement—and it gets back into the class of a contractor's vacant lot.

One of our worst mischief-makers is the stump-puller, a truly remarkable contrivance which in the course of a few days uprooted a full hundred deeply bedded stumps, each of which left after it a hole large enough to enclose anything from a dog to a mule. As we watched the machine operate and saw the roots come clear and clean from the ground, we realized how a dentist might envy the process. But the dentist can toss away the tooth with a turn of his wrist, while it takes a pickaxe, two mules, and a man to haul away the Maryknoll roots to the edge of our woods, where they must dry for a year before their final destruction.

"If we could only 'stay put' for a while!" we sometimes sigh, but we know that we can't. Recently we have been grading about our new office-building, making a road

around the rear of the pro-Seminary, building an extension on our only lecture-room and on the promenade-piazza, and—last but by no means least—putting up a new barn.

If some one had told us two years ago that we would erect a new barn at Maryknoll, we should have smiled at his lack of observation, because the old barn, with an addition, seemed to 'fill the bill' very nicely. *But*—we need one. *Brother Hennery* says so and he knows, or at least he thinks he does.

We are planning to use the old barn for these several purposes—a home for our lay helpers (farmhands and mechanics), an improvised manual training school for our students, a store-house for building and repair material, and a place for carpenter and machine shops. The new barn will be over by the hen-yard, well removed from any of our three houses, and the transfer of our lay helpers will release at St. Michael's rooms for which we even now have need.

With the Vénard boys away from the Knoll next September and their dormitory given over to the temporary housing of 'philosophers,' we shall be able to accommodate—with a little suggestion

of sardine-packing—about sixty in the Seminary household, including faculty, students of theology, students of philosophy, and Auxiliary Brothers of St. Michael. We do not expect to reach that number quite so soon as next September, but we are rising to it,—perhaps more rapidly than we realize.

"Saint Teresa's," the present home of our 'faithful women,' has also seen some changes this season,—not any considerable physical alterations, however. The FIELD AFAR offices, for lack of any other home, were housed here until the new building was ready to receive them, and during that period Saint Teresa's door-bell and telephone were in frequent vibration. Now all is quiet over at the convent and only "Collie" or the telephone-bell breaks the rule of silence—until the Teresians get back from the FIELD AFAR grind.

Since our last appearance the Knoll was invaded by a bevy of women—yes, that's the way the newspaper reporters put it and so it must be right. The group was that of the Catholic Women's Auxiliary for Foreign Missions, of New York, a body of women who have for the past year been



SAINT TERESA'S IN MID-JUNE.

developing steadily a deeper and more exact knowledge of Maryknoll and its purposes and who, as a result, represent to-day the one organized movement outside of Maryknoll itself, directly interested in the personal needs of our students. The members came from New York in automobiles or trains or both, and they arrived thirty strong.

We were glad to see them, though we knew they would discover a couple of threads still left on the hen-house carpets and a small grease-spot marking the place where one of our piglets had been unceremoniously taking a mid-hour bite. We were also aware that some stray particles of dust, overlooked by a half-blind student, would probably catch the eyes of the New York inspection committee as they 'soft-pussied' through that limited portion of the Seminary which the less privileged sex is allowed to traverse.

They came and they went. Thus was concluded the Auxiliary's second yearly outing at Maryknoll—an event that will after a time, perhaps, become a habit.

And by the way, you of other cities who would like to catch the Maryknoll Auxiliary spirit, why not do so? You have only to get together a handful of friends and jab their arms with some foreign mission virus, or, if you prefer, have each swallow a foreign mission yeast-cake and watch them rise to something worth while. If you can think of four or five friends, consult with them on this suggestion and drop a line to the Superior at Maryknoll or to the Secretary of the Auxiliary, Mrs. Henry W. Taft, 36 West 48th St., New York City.

For some time past THE FIELD AFAR has been located in its new building. The 'moving' was worthy of reproduction on a cinematograph, but we had neither the machine nor the time to take pictures.

Some Scranton friends came up on that day to look us over and to note how Maryknoll compares with Clark's Green. It was a



UNDER THE 'TIN LIZZIE.'

hurried visit, but they arrived when manual labor was on and the transfer of office effects at its height.

Even the Editor of this chronicle, who has long since lost the sense of surprise, was somewhat disturbed at the sight of a student in a dress suit (swallow-tail) wheeling a barrow full of envelopes along the public highway that runs from St. Teresa's to our new building. If some of the old clothes at Maryknoll could speak, we would hand a receiver to you, dear reader, and say, "Listen!"

The 'Tin Lizzie' is in disgrace. It has misbehaved badly and grown loose in its habits, proving a cause of annoyance and a drain on our patience as well as our purse. If we can trade it for another of its kind, first finding a couple of hundred dollars with which to make the trade, we shall do so.

When the former owner gave it to us, the 'Lizzie' was fair to look upon and very tractable, but to-day, should our benefactor come and ask to see the Ford that he sacrificed for us, we would hang our heads in shame. Yet it served us well for a year and a half, as every FIELD AFAR reader who receives his copy, can testify.

Lizzie, you noisy, rattled tin can, we salute you! Without you, many a time we should have lost subscribers, trains, meals, and

other advantages. We must not be ungrateful.

Poor Lizzie! You are heading for the ditch, the worse for wear—like the rest of us—but the fault is not all yours. Keep up your courage. We need you badly yet a while.

The enterprising reporter of a weekly paper in Ossining calls us up occasionally to ask if we have had any distinguished guests, and as our readers should and actually do know more about us than do the people of Ossining, we note the following, even at the risk of omitting some great name. We have been especially honored by visits from Bishop Walleser, of the Caroline Islands, Fr. Henry Browne, S.J., of Dublin, and Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, Pa.

Bishop Walleser is a German, was escorted to Maryknoll by a German priest, and found himself in a gathering where German names are plentiful. The Japanese have seized his islands and sent away several of the older priests; but the younger men are allowed to remain.

Fr. Browne, S.J., who came a few days later, is an Englishman who has resided in Dublin for many years. He is a profound classical scholar and a teacher of Greek at the Dublin University, and on his visit to this country received much attention from American educators, Catholic and non-Catholic.

In spite of the classical atmosphere which he breathes so constantly, Fr. Browne's truly Catholic heart has so warm a place for the evangelization of present-day pagans that we are inclined to look upon him as *Ireland's Twentieth Century Foreign Mission Apostle*. We speak seriously when we state—and we do so after personal observation in Ireland—that no one man is doing more in our day to spread, or rather to re-ignite, the missionary spirit in that country than Fr. Browne. He is the organizer

of a lay society for the education of young priests destined for foreign missions and he is the Editor of *St. Joseph's Sheaf*, the attractive organ of the same society.

Bishop Hoban is neither German nor English, but a real, live American, in whose diocese the gift of tongues would be indeed useful. We at Maryknoll consider Bishop Hoban, as we do our much-loved Cardinal Farley, a 'part of the concern,' and we hope he will not mind if we whisper aloud that he has started off our Vénard School, at Clark's Green, with a thousand dollars, one twentieth of its first cost. He hopes, as we do, that it will bring to us the other nineteen twentieths—and we may add that they will be welcome in large or small blocks.

The Vénard students are at the Knoll, but Clark's Green is preparing for their arrival next September. Two men and some horses are hard at work on the Green—at least we have reason to believe so. The ground has been ploughed and sown is the seed that will later appear in the form of potatoes, onions, beets, milk, butter, cabbages, etc., etc., to strengthen the bodies of our hungry young aspirants.

With two farms to run—175 miles apart—we may yet need a halting-place between the two, unless there is already a rest-house on the way for cases more or less mild.

That the people of Clark's Green recognize a good thing when they hear of it, is evident from the following observations of a *Scranton Times* reporter:

The purchase of the Courtright farm by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society is received with satisfaction by the people of Clark's Green, according to several with whom I have spoken. As a training place for missionaries who will go to all parts of the world, the proposed institution will have more than local or State fame. It will be one of two or three pre-

paratory schools scattered over the country and under the eyes of a society that has national standing, and will, as its work develops, acquire an international character that will give Clark's Green a more conspicuous place on the map.

Institutions of this kind are always desirable in a community. They are constructive propositions. Their aim is the promotion of human welfare. Bishop Hoban's indefatigable efforts to bring one of the branches here, and his success, will be appreciated by no small number.

* *

Bashful Hints.

"YOU haven't asked for anything recently," writes one of our friends who is suffering from occasional blindness. No? Well, here are a few needs:

A Potato and Vegetable Peeler;
A Dish-Washer that is not human;
A Baler for our waste paper;
A Sanitary Steel Medicine-Cabinet;
Some Heavy Chinaware or Crockery for the use of our *Vénardines*;
Some Cutlery, second-hand or new;
Pots, Pans, and other incidental kitchen happenings.

We might add a few of the "*Wants*" that appeared in our February issue:

A 12 horse-power—or larger (*larger*—note the modest demand)—gasoline engine, or a 16 horse-power motor, in good condition, preferably portable. A tractor will do, but this is not necessary. We shall use the engine to cut fodder, saw wood, grind feed, and later to crush stone, mix concrete, etc.

A good, young draft-horse, or the price of one—\$200. The horse should weigh from 1,350 to 1,500 pounds, as we have some heavy loads to pull up our steep hills. (Why, yes, we have the two mules and they are doing yeoman service, but you know we have two farms now.)

A "tub," i. e., an old-fashioned hand-pump for fire protection, to be worked by four or six men and not too heavy to be moved around.

* *

Medical Missions.

THE work of the Catholic Medical Mission Society, under the auspices of the Society of the Atonement, is full of possibilities, which will be more fully realized as the young Society develops. Dr. Margaret Lamont, who was

**THOUGHTS
FROM MODERN MARTYRS**
Interesting, edifying and stimulating.
In cloth, 30 cents; postage 5 cents

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES
(Bret-on-yair)

The life of this 19th century martyr sells for sixty cents, postpaid.

Address: The Field Afar
Ossining New York

sent to China through its instrumentality, lately received an encouraging letter from Fr. Morel, editor of a Catholic paper in Tientsin. This zealous missionary is convinced of the need of medical work among Chinese women and has already inserted in his 'women's supplement' a series of articles on hygiene, the family, and the care of children.

* *

Press Notes.

DOMINICANA, Vol. I. No. 1. —This is the latest magazine to reach the Knoll. It is edited and published by the Novices of the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C., and is wisely designed to fit these young men for that very important branch of apostolic labor—the printed word.

The new Psalter of the Roman Breviary has been prepared in Latin and English by Fr. Filion, S.S., a consultor of the Biblical Commission. A growing number of intelligent lay Catholics will be interested in this volume. It may be secured by any of our readers from the publisher, B. Herder (St. Louis), or at the FIELD AFAR Office.

Dear Reader:—

When you have finished reading me 'from cover to cover' and have given me an affectionate pat, put me back in my outside coat—if you haven't torn it up—cross out your own name, write that of some friend, glue a one-cent stamp to my face, and send me along. Try it!

—Your Field Afar.

Unloaded at the Knoll.



| NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS. | |
|--------------------|-----|
| Ordinary | 130 |
| Associate | 143 |
| Total | 273 |

Two hundred and seventy-three new subscribers as a month's record may seem big to the *East Wayback Bugle*, but we are not inclined to boast of it. The addition, however, may be traced to the good-will of subscribers who like to 'pass on a good thing.'

PRESENTS IN KIND.

Books from Rev. Friend, N. Y.; vestments and missal-stand from Sisters of the Holy Cross, Manchester, N. H.; white vestments from Academy of the Sacred Heart, San Francisco, Cal.; black and white vestments from Friends, Ill.; statue of the Blessed Virgin from "A Client of Our Blessed Mother"; 2 cassocks from S., Mass.; prayer-books from Friend; medicine from C. G., N. Y.; old jewelry from M. S., R. I.; 20 lbs. of cocoa from Friend, N. Y.; cancelled stamps from Ill., Mass., N. J., N. Y., Pa., R. I., Va., and N. S.

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

| STATE | GIFTS | NEW SUBSCRIBERS |
|----------------------|--------|-----------------|
| California | \$9.08 | 5 |
| Colorado | 1.00 | |
| Connecticut | 76.40 | 8 |
| Delaware | 1.00 | |
| District of Columbia | 2.00 | 5 |
| Georgia | | 1 |
| Idaho | 2.00 | 3 |
| Illinois | .21 | 1 |
| Indiana | 18.00 | |
| Iowa | 4.00 | |
| Kansas | 3.00 | |
| Kentucky | 2.00 | |
| Maine | 41.00 | 1 |

| | | |
|---------------|----------|----|
| Maryland | \$34.74 | 2 |
| Massachusetts | 627.44 | 60 |
| Michigan | 23.41 | 8 |
| Minnesota | 4.00 | 1 |
| Missouri | 3.00 | 1 |
| Montana | 1.00 | 10 |
| Nebraska | 5.00 | 4 |
| New Hampshire | 15.50 | 1 |
| New Jersey | 13.15 | 7 |
| New York | 195.00 | 74 |
| Ohio | 45.00 | 8 |
| Oklahoma | 1.00 | |
| Oregon | | 1 |
| Pennsylvania | 1,116.42 | 43 |
| Rhode Island | 70.42 | 13 |
| South Dakota | 1.00 | |
| Texas | 5.85 | 2 |
| Washington | | 1 |
| West Virginia | 2.00 | 1 |
| Wisconsin | 3.00 | |
| Wyoming | .25 | |

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

| | | |
|-------------|---------|---|
| Alaska | | 1 |
| Brazil | | 1 |
| Canada | \$12.40 | 5 |
| China | 2.00 | |
| Hawaii | | 2 |
| Holland | | 1 |
| Japan | | 1 |
| Philippines | | 1 |

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

[A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.]

COMPLETED BURSES.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Cardinal Farley Burse..... | \$5,000. |
| Sacred Heart Memorial Burse..... | 5,000. |
| John L. Boland Burse..... | 6,000. |
| Blessed Sacrament Burse..... | 5,000. |
| *St. Willibrord Burse..... | 5,000. |
| Providence Diocese Burse..... | 5,000. |
| Fr. Elias Younan Burse..... | 5,000. |
| Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse.. | 5,000. |
| O. L. of the Miraculous Medal Burse | 5,000. |

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Archbishop John J. Williams Burse | **\$5,266.21 |
| Cheverus Centennial School Burse | *3,170.12 |
| St. Joseph Burse..... | 2,240.15 |
| All Souls Burse..... | 2,037.04 |
| St. Teresa Burse..... | 12,035.00 |
| O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse..... | 11,957.41 |
| Little Flower Burse (for Vénard) | 1,782.89 |
| St. Patrick Burse..... | 1,308.35 |
| Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse (for Vénard) | 1,117.00 |
| Holy Child Jesus Burse..... | 1,109.04 |
| Father B. Burse..... | 1,056.00 |
| O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse | 748.26 |
| Holy Ghost Burse..... | 706.54 |
| St. Anthony Burse..... | 621.20 |
| Pius X. Burse..... | 425.35 |
| St. Columba Burse..... | 363.50 |
| St. Stephen Burse..... | 345.00 |

*On hand but not operative.

**\$5,000 on hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to anyone address: 10 copies (12 issues) for \$4.00
25 " " " 10.00
50 " " " 20.00
100 " " " 40.00

For those who would remember Maryknoll in their wills, we print our legal title:

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED.

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| St. Francis of Assisi Burse.... | \$306.85 |
| Susan Emery Memorial Burse.. | 300.20 |
| St. Dominic Burse..... | 268.80 |
| St. Francis Xavier Burse..... | 217.51 |
| St. Lawrence Burse..... | 200.00 |
| Curé of Ars Burse..... | 158.00 |
| Precious Blood Burse..... | 155.00 |
| St. John the Baptist Burse..... | 151.00 |
| St. Boniface Burse..... | 147.00 |
| St. Rita Burse..... | 80.25 |
| All Saints Burse..... | 77.90 |
| O. L. of Mercy Burse..... | 66.00 |
| Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse.... | 52.00 |
| Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse | 52.00 |
| Immaculate Conception Burse.. | 16.00 |
| Holy Name Burse..... | 14.00 |
| O. L. of Perpetual Help Burse | 13.50 |
| O. L. of Victory Burse..... | 12.00 |
| Joan of Arc Burse..... | 11.00 |
| St. Agnes Burse..... | 10.00 |
| St. Paul Burse..... | 9.00 |
| St. Aloysius Burse..... | 7.00 |

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Archbishop Williams Catechist Fund | *\$6,000.00 |
| Foreign Mission Educational Fund | 2,550.00 |
| Vénard Student Fund..... | 542.60 |
| Bread Fund..... | 115.17 |

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

[We have been unusually gratified to note the growing number of our friends who have discovered that a *Perpetual Associate Membership* in our young Society is worth while—in this and, better still, in the after life, when in the nature of things we are liable to be forgotten.]

Perpetual Associates—Living.

Mrs. A. H.; M. A. H.; F. C. M.; Mrs. A. W.; J. J. W.; R. C. W.

Memorial Associates in Perpetuity.

Sr. Eleanora Thos. A. Crawford
Mrs. Ann Costello Mrs. Rose A. Reilly
Deceased Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Scranton Province

*On hand but not operative.

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to June 1, 1916, 2,394,024 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 2,055,976 "
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

THE 'ROUTERS.'

Francis Xavier —, one of our 'routers' and also a rooter—has been selling forty copies of THE FIELD AFAR and now asks for ten more.

Jack C. sent for ten copies of THE FIELD AFAR, sold them without difficulty at five cents apiece, and sent to Maryknoll forty cents in stamps, using one stamp for his envelope. How much did he make? Would you like to do the same?

Enclosed you will find a check for the thirty copies of THE FIELD AFAR which you sent me at my request, for distribution among my friends. I can assure you that I have met with gratifying success in spreading your lively, interesting, and instructive mission magazine. I do not doubt that I shall realize an appreciable number of subscriptions from the sale of the thirty copies. (Brooklyn.)

OTHER SURPRISES.

An unexpected legacy of two hundred dollars has come to us. It was left by the late Michael Driscoll of West Hartford, Conn., on whose faithful soul may sweet Jesus have mercy!

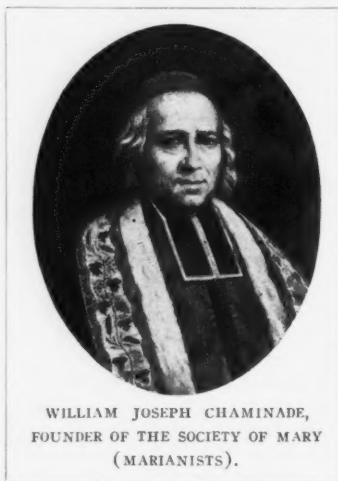
Maryknoll was remembered this year by the Tabernacle Society of the Sacred Heart Convent, University Heights, N. Y. Our souvenir is a pair of dalmatics, a very useful present, since we have Solemn High Mass every Sunday and on all great feasts.

Here is a sign of the times. From the parish of Urbana, Ohio, of which Fr. George F. Hickey is pastor, we have received the sum of \$42.50 as our share of the "Mission Fund" created by the Lenten collection this year. A similar sum is being sent to other societies active in domestic and foreign missions.

A Fr. Chaminade Burse.

ONE of our latest burses is that in honor of Fr. Chaminade, and as many of our readers will be interested, we give the following summary of this saintly priest's life:

William Joseph Chaminade was born on April 18, 1761, in the south



WILLIAM JOSEPH CHAMINADE,
FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF MARY
(MARIANISTS).

of France. At the outbreak of the French Revolution, after years of teaching in a Catholic college, he repaired to Bordeaux, where, at the peril of his life, he exercised his priestly ministry during the bloodiest days of the Reign of Terror. Subsequently, being exiled to Spain, he spent three years in retreat near the famous sanctuary of Our Lady of the Pillar, where he received from on high his commission as an apostle of Mary.

Retiring to Bordeaux in 1800, he made the Church of the Madeleine the headquarters of sodalities which were a crying need of the times. These societies renewed the aspect of the city and became the mainspring of very extensive religious reforms. They were the nursery that later gave rise to Fr. Chaminade's two religious congregations, now approved by the Church, the Institute of the Daughters of Mary, founded in 1816, and the Society of Mary (Marianists), founded in 1817. In the United States the latter society is educating at present more than 12,000 boys and young men.

After a life spent in spreading on all sides the spirit of faith, apostolic zeal, and devotion to Mary, Fr. Chaminade died on January 22, 1850, and was buried at Bordeaux. On account of

the extraordinary favors obtained at his tomb, the cause of his canonization has been entered at Rome.

* *

Circles in Movement.

ACTIVITIES are reported from A Vénard Circle No. 1 and Centre Circle, of Scranton, Pa. St. Patrick's Circle, of Westfield, Mass., has by this time had firsthand information about Maryknoll from one of its members, who paid a May-day visit to our hilltop. A Maria Circle in Newport, N. H., has also been interesting its own members and others, with considerable success. From Pittsburgh has come a good report, which will appear in our next issue. The outing of the Catholic Women's Auxiliary at Maryknoll is noted on pages 92-93.



MISSION CIRCLES.

[SPECIAL RULES.]

Each Maria mission circle shall consist of three or more members, who will meet to pray and work for Catholic missions. Each circle member may enroll contributing members.

The circle shall have no officers except a secretary. The organizer shall always act as secretary. If she should withdraw, her place shall be filled through election by the circle members.

Each meeting shall open and close with prayer. There shall be either an address or twenty minutes of reading on a subject of mission interest. Members shall agree on a regular offering to be handed to the secretary at each meeting, along with any gifts from contributing members. The meeting should not last longer than an hour.

No unnecessary discussion of persons or of personal matters shall be permitted at meetings.

Money collected shall be forwarded by the secretary each month, through a properly authorized channel, for the need designated by a majority of the circle members.

Address: The Circle Director,
Maryknoll : : Ossining, New York.

WE commend to your prayers the souls of:

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| V. Rev. T. Jackson | Mrs. O'Hara |
| Rev. F. L. Lezer | Ann Maguire |
| Sr. M. St. Joseph | Hannah Dennison |
| P. J. Fitzgerald | Henry Finley |
| August Kiefer | Martha Finley |
| Mrs. Mary Smith | Mrs. J. R. Mackenzie |
| Mrs. Ellen Clark | Mrs. Annie F. Potts |

